

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

SUSAN DEAR: The Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison and the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels will be at home on New Year's Day. For this much let us be duly grateful, for it means that the streets will be gay with officers in gold lace and full regalia, and thus at least a nucleus of the pomp and circumstance which gave New Year's Day in Washington its distinctive flavor may be preserved.

Time was this was in my mother's girlhood—when every hostess with any pretensions to social consequence received on that day, when every pretty girl in town helped to dispense hospitality at one or another of the big houses, and when every man between the ages of seventeen and seventy-five who boasted a frock coat or could beg, borrow or steal one went a-visiting. In those days it was considered, well, not quite delicate, for a lady to be seen in the street, unless she peeped out from the depths of a brougham or barouche.

During the past decade the pretty New Year customs have fallen upon evil days, and President Wilson gave them the coup de grace at the beginning of his Administration, when he abolished that most picturesque and American of institutions, the public reception at the White House. Moreover, for one reason or another—this year it is the war and the consequent disruption in the Diplomatic Corps—the Secretary of State's breakfast for the corps has been abandoned.

Among the official folk who also will receive this year on New Year's afternoon are the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, the Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson, the Attorney General and Mrs. Gregory, and the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield. They will all have young people assisting them. Mrs. Daniels will have as her guests over the holiday her cousin, Evelyn Jackson, of Richmond, and the Secretary's niece, Mary Cleaves Daniels, of Goldsborough, N. C., who will be members of the receiving party. The reception which General and Mrs. Alschuler will give also will be a brilliant feature of the afternoon.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall will not be at home, owing to Mrs. Marshall's continued indisposition. She is, however, slowly regaining her strength, and is planning to inaugurate the season's hospitality with the dinner which she and the Vice President will give for the President and Mrs. Wilson on January 14.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing will not receive on New Year's Day, nor will Mrs. Lansing's parents, General and Mrs. Foster, keep open house, as is their wont. Moreover, Mrs. Lansing will not observe her usual Wednesday afternoon at home on December 29, as on that day she is giving a reception to the delegates to the second Pan-American Scientific Congress. The reception will begin at 5 o'clock. Secretary and Mrs. Lansing have selected January 18 as the date of their official dinner for the President and his bride.

Neither the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Houston, who are out of town for the holidays, nor the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson will be at home. Nor, I understand, will the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo receive. Their household is still saddened by the recent death of Mr. McAdoo's son-in-law, Mr. Martin, and Mrs. Martin is with them.

A Chronicle of Society

A CHRISTMAS BRIDE



MRS. CLARENCE NELSON HINKAMP, Formerly Miss Frances Martha Miller, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben de Mier Miller.

In Florida with Mrs. Porcher and her brother, S. H. Peck, of Grand Rapids, at his winter home at Daytona. Mrs. Blodgett and Helen remained at Cocoa, on the Indian river, only two days as they wished to make a short stay in Daytona, where Mrs. Blodgett also has a winter home and a large orange grove. They had such a beautiful time there that they hated to leave, but did manage to tear themselves away in time to reach here a few hours before the tea dance which Senator and Mrs. John K. Shields gave for Mrs. Shields' daughter, Jeanette Cowan, and the Senator's niece, Miss Josephine Shields. Helen was one of the assistants.

Mrs. Blodgett is planning a series of entertainments, mostly dinners, for the next few weeks after which she will go to New Orleans to remain until after the Mardi Gras. Then she plans to pass the winter season in Florida, but will go to Atlanta for the opera season. Isn't that a delightful plan to look forward to, Susan?

Engagements and rumors of engagements seem to take up the greater part of my letters to you these days. I have been anxious to tell you for several weeks of the engagement of Miss Margaret McKie Mulliken, but was sworn to secrecy. Cornelia has always had so many suitors that I am surprised that she decided upon one so soon. She is not quite twenty yet, you know. When she comes to town usually to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitch Shepard, she always sets at least a dozen or more youths by the ear, and leaves a trail of disturbed—but it is mildly-swains behind. She is not only unusually pretty, but has a wonderful attractive personality. She is quite athletic, and always full of pep. But all this is not what I started to tell you.

It will not exactly surprise you when I tell you that Mr. and Mrs. John Talman Linscomb are announcing the engagement of their pretty daughter, Clara Marie Linscomb, to John James Higgins, of Rockville. The wedding is to take place about the middle of March, and the young people will live in a most attractive newly built house which John purchased recently near Edgewood, in Bethesda, Md.

Frances Miller and "Heinie" Hinkamp—Lieut. Nelson Hinkamp, U. S. N., to give him his proper name and title—are married. The ceremony took place yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and was announced an hour or so later at the informal Christmas tea and egg nog party which Frances gives every year.

Several days ago a whisper reached my ear of a certain wedding on Christmas Day that would come as a complete surprise. The principals had been planning an April wedding—few people even knew of their engagement—had decided to hasten matters, and had taken almost no one into their confidence. This, then, was the wedding, and I'm frank to admit that I was properly surprised when Frances told me.

The marriage was very simple. The ceremony took place at St. Thomas' Church, with the rector, the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith, officiating, and nobody was there except Frances' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben de Mier Miller; Anna Darsie, of Pittsburgh, who was hastily summoned to be maid of honor; Lieut. John E. Iseman, U. S. N., the best man; and two or three other guests. Ida Louise O'Brien, Lieut. and Mrs. Max de Mott—Mrs. De Mott was formerly Margaret Knox, and she and Frances have been friends for years—when came up from Annapolis; Lieut. Owen Bartlett, U. S. N., and Capt. Hilary Jones, U. S. N., in command of the United States ship Florida, to which Lieutenant Hinkamp is attached, who chanced to be in town.

Frances wore her traveling gown, a tailored suit of Scotch tweed of a bright blue shade, trimmed with seal, and a tiny seal skin hat. She had a lovely corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley pinned on her coat, and looked very winsome and pretty. Anne Darsie was also in street clothes, wearing a modish suit of rose-colored gilette, with ermine collar and muff and a small hat trimmed with ermine.

The Millers have a very attractive house at 1804 Wyoming avenue this winter, and it was there that the announcement of the marriage was made to the unsuspecting little group of Frances' friends, who gathered for the egg nog. The bride exploded her bomb with great effect, and afterward there was much drinking of toasts and a general jollification. Later Lieutenant and Mrs. Hinkamp slipped away for the short wedding trip that his leave will

allow, and after that they will be in New York for several weeks until the Florida sails for Guantanamo. Then Frances plans to visit Anne Darsie in Pittsburgh until her liege lord returns, and in the early summer they are to have a second honeymoon, a trip to Alaska.

Frances has ever so many friends here, who will be both surprised and pleased to hear of her marriage. She is most attractive and an unusually clever and graceful dancer. Lieutenant Hinkamp is a man about whom all men have nice things to say, a clever chap who stands very well with the department. He knows all there is to know about submarines; is considered a real authority on the subject, and has lectured on undersea craft before many an audience composed of older and supposedly wiser men.

Helen Kellar is coming to town for the first annual convention of the National Woman's Peace Party in January. She will make an address, and among the other speakers will be Jane Addams, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and other women of nationwide reputation. The sessions will be held at the Willard and will begin on the evening of January 8 and continue until the tenth. The National Woman's Peace Party was organized in Washington just a year ago, as you doubtless remember, and on Sunday, January 9, a great mass meeting was held. There will be another mass meeting this year and it is then that Miss Kellar, Miss Addams, and the others will speak.

A very charming woman, who is actively interested in the work of the peace party, is Lady Barlow, wife of Sir John Barlow, M. P., who is spending some weeks in Washington and is now at the Clinton. Lady Barlow came to this country to place her young son—he is just sixteen—in Haverford College, and will sail for England about the middle of January. She is a Quakeress and every Sunday morning speaks at the Quaker Meeting House in I street. She says that the English people have buckled down quite wonderfully to the work before them, that luxuries are unknown quantities, and that each and every person has his own particular part to play in the great business of winning the war.

If you would be a successful host or hostess these days you must wind up your party at the club—any club, the Chevy Chase, the University, or the Army and Navy, will do, so there is dinner and dancing to follow—with a supper party at child's. After-the-movie parties there have long been a popular form of entertaining, and now it is fast becoming the custom for many of the fashionable folk who frequent the club dances to come together again at child's in the wee small hours of the morning. Dancing is quick to supply a hunger for a supper at a club, and a bit of a lark to the society maid and her escort, and—well, anyway, a supper of hot cakes and coffee after the dance is now "the thing."

The popularity of the weekly dinner dances at the Army and Navy Club, by the way, has increased to such an extent that tables have to be reserved for five or six weeks ahead. Every Thursday night finds the large dining room crowded to its full capacity with interesting folk, and often the smaller one, usually reserved for the ladies, on the floor above.

A prominent woman whose husband was ordered here very recently, invited a large number of guests to dine with her at the club a short time ago. Not knowing of the demand for tables there, she strolled into the club at noon of the day of the party to find that they had all been reserved for a month or more. So she had to postpone her party to a much later date.

The fortnightly Tuesday evening dinner dances at the University Club have also come to be a very delightful institution. The floor is excellent, the music wonderful, and an added charm to one who is willing to admit that she has not a soul entirely above food is that the dinner is always good. Last week there was a jolly crowd of merry-makers in spite of the fact that there were numerous rival entertainments—the last performance of opera, the first meeting of the Tuesday Evening Club, and the "Class, Louis Sprague" dance at the Chevy Chase Club, and last but by no means least, the brilliant ball at Raucher's for the benefit of the Children's Country Home.

The first person I noticed when I entered the dining room was Sallie Chamberlain, looking exactly as she did when she was Sallie Garlington, and eventually having lots of fun. She was in a party with the Treat girls, Ruth Anderson, Mrs. Geoffrey Keyes, another very pretty little girl, a stranger to me, and a number of men whom I did not know, all having the bearing of soldiers and several of them enormously tall. Creswell Garlington was also with the party. He is back from Panama for a visit and, like Sallie, stopping with General and Mrs. Garlington over the holidays.

Mrs. Keyes—she was Lella Harrison, you remember, and is with her mother

for the winter months while Lieutenant Keyes is on the Texas border—is still wearing her arm in a sling, due to a sprained wrist, but she is ever so game and doesn't let a little thing like a sprained arm interfere with her dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Belknap arranged a Dutch treat dinner, the others in the party being the Walter Grafton Dunlops, Marguerite Williams, Miss Marshall, Anne Lomax, Erskine Gordon, Dick Williams, and Mr. Shugart; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bentley entertained Dr. and Mrs. G. H. T. Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Miller, Herbert Kubel, Newton Reeves, and Benjamin Hultine, of Baltimore; and one of the nicest parties was given by Dr. Adam Kemble, who entertained a few guests in compliment to Julia White. Frances Carpenter, Billy Davis, and Edward White were "among those present."

Others at the dinner and the dance which followed were Ethel Hickey and her brother, Harry Hickey, Elena Caid, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Cohen, who had their two handsome daughters, Edith and Marjorie—the latter just home from school for the Christmas holidays—with them; Catherine Wright, Cynthia Van Vleck, and Dr. Larkin.

Julia White, by the way, is Dr. Kemble's cousin, a very attractive person, good looking, and lots of fun. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. White, who have taken the Ralph Hillis house in Nineteenth street for the winter. They are Pennsylvania people and newcomers to Washington, but Julia was here for a year or two at Mrs. Somers' school. Her brother, Edward White, who is a student at Swarthmore, is here for the holidays.

"Philosophy," the first of the six heroic statues in a group which Paul Bartlett has done for the Public Library in New York, has been put in its place in the "Attic" over the entrance and the others are going up shortly. Mr. Bartlett has been working on this group, the figures of "Philosophy," "Religion," "Romance," "Drama," "Poetry," and "History," for six or seven years, and critics say he has done a great piece of work.

When the entire group has been installed and the two marble statues by Frederick MacMonnies have been substituted for the plaster casts that now flank the main entrance, the exterior decorations of the library will be complete. The two MacMonnies statues are due to arrive from his Paris studio in a short time.

Select Mrs. Charles H. T. Lowndes, wife of Medical Director Lowndes, U. S. N., Mrs. Pollock, wife of Commander Edwin T. Pollock, Mrs. Z. W. Reynolds, also a navy woman, and Mrs. Alexander Bentley to manage affairs if you ever want to engineer a party that is a real success. This quartet, all unusually attractive women, inaugurated several seasons ago a series of dances, which are given at the Highlands during the season, and are always brilliantly successful. An interesting gathering of people would be hard to find. Many who do not dance attend regularly, and seem to thoroughly enjoy looking on and listening to the music, which is always particularly good.

The first dance of this season was given last week, and was ever so jolly in spite of the fact that many of the Carabao dinner guests, Victor Kauffmann, Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, and a handsome man in a smart yellow tuxedo, who was escorted by her tall son, Sam, who is home from college for the holidays. She may well be proud of him, too, for he is a tall, fine looking chap, with a red head and one of the pleasantest, yet most manly, faces I have seen in some time. Admiral and Mrs. Newton and William D. Hoover and his charming wife set on the "side lines" most of the evening, and among the other guests that you know were Colonel Harts, "Johnnie" Iseman, Ridley McLean, pretty Mildred Hacker, who is visiting Natalie Briggs; Mrs. Thomas C. Dawson, the Alan Clephanes, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Miller, and dozens of others whose names I can't remember all in a minute. I won't tell you about the delicious and elaborate supper they served, for it would make you so hungry you'd never wait to finish this letter.

Debutantes, debutantes, and still more debutantes! This week there were four, presented in pairs—Mrs. Shields' daughter, Jeannette Cowan, and the Senator's niece, Josephine Shields, of New York; Evelina Gieves and her cousin, Mafy Truxton Garland, and it would be hard to find four more attractive girls. Josephine Shields is by way of being a beauty and is a wonderful dancer, while little Jeannette Cowan is a particular favorite of mine. She is pretty, with a dainty sort of prettiness, unusually lovely brown eyes, and the sweetest manners imaginable. Every carriage and automobile in Washington, I think, was drawn up before Raucher's on Thursday afternoon for the tea which Senator and Mrs. Shields gave for their two buds, and everybody "as is anybody" in town was at the party. There was dancing in the great ballroom, with its panning of slim fir trees and its Christmas decorations, ever so many boys and girls home for the holidays

HOW WORLD RULERS SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY

- United States—President Wilson and bride "honeymooning" at Hot Springs, Va.
- Germany—Kaiser confined to Potsdam Palace by illness.
- Great Britain—King George in London, recovering from injuries received in France.
- Italy—King Victor Emmanuel in the trenches with his soldiers.
- Serbia—King Peter an exile at Scutari, Albania.
- Belgium—King Albert with his troops.
- Russia—Czar Nicholas at army headquarters.
- Bulgaria—Czar Ferdinand with his army in southern Serbia.
- Austria-Hungary—Emperor Franz Josef in conferences on the American note.
- China—Emperor Yuan Shi Kai planning to crush an attempted revolution.

were there, and altogether it was one of the nicest parties of the season.

The younger generation also was largely represented at the tea-dance which Admiral and Mrs. Gieves gave on the following day for Evelina and the little Garland girl. The two debutantes made a ravishing picture standing before a latticed screen decked with rainbow tinted flowers. They are just of a size, and more than a little alike, although Evelina is brunette and Mary Truxton blonde. Moreover, they were dressed just alike in bewitching frocks of white tulle, made after the quaintest of old-fashioned models, with fuchsia finishing the bodices and absolutely guiltless of trimming save for the garlands of pink roses which looped up the fluffy tulle skirts. Ever so many navy people were there, besides a liberal sprinkling of "middles" and cadets and college boys galore.

Edith Blair was one of the girls in the receiving party, also, Lillian Hendrick, who looked her prettiest, in a pink tulle frock drawn in a quaint fashion over a petticoat of lace and garlanded with pink roses. Ellie LeJeune had the air of a dainty Christmas tree decoration in a frock all of scarlet tulle and lots of the other debutantes were pretty and distinctive frocks. Margaret Loford looked as if she had stepped straight from the pages of Vogue or Vanity Fair, in the laziest of blue velvet gowns, made with a hoop at the hip line and a narrow binding of white at the bottom of the full short skirt. Her shoes were white, with very tall white spats, and she wore white fox fur and a chic hat with upstanding black bows.

Speaking of debutantes, although the buds in last season's have relinquished the center of the stage to this season's crop, they have by no means ceased to play an important part in the social game. No group of girls could have a wayer time than some of the last year's buds, Frances Williams, Mary Wheeler Vest, Beatrice Glover, Elizabeth Hamilton, Laura Crooks, Pauline Kindelberger, Frances Traver, Pocahontas Butler, Louise Clark, Dorothy Drake, and the rest, are having right now, and moreover, they are not least by the responsibilities and tribulations which make the path of the debutante a wee bit hard.

Agnes and Anne O'Gorman, who had a very popular first season here last year, are not back as yet, but seem to be doing society at the same pace in New York. They probably will reach town after the holidays with Senator and Mrs. O'Gorman. Two of last season's buds, by the way, are already married, Alexandra Ewing, now Mrs. Newbold Noyes, who has just set up housekeeping at her attractive home in S street, and Marian Van Buren, who as Mrs. Stanley Cleveland Matthews, is making an ideal clergyman's wife.

Lieut. and Mrs. Milo P. Fox are leaving Washington the last of the week for San Antonio, Tex. At least that is "Monte's" official station, but he will probably be on the border most of the time. Helen is sorry to leave Washington, I think, and I know everybody is sorry to see her go. She is an unusually clever and interesting person, and with a talent for organization which has found expression in the work of the Junior League and several other philanthropic organizations. Doubtless Monte will have duty in Washington again—such is the way of the Engineer Corps—but only the War Department knows when. Here's hoping it may be soon!

Rachael Perrine has been obliged to postpone her debut in Texas, for which many elaborate preparations had been made, because of the sudden death of her aunt, Colonel Louis Perrine's sister, about three days before the date selected for her party. Mrs. Bell was the Perrine's next-door neighbor and was more than an aunt to Rachael. The debutante is now planning to make her bow to society about Easter time, when her cousin, Mrs. Harris Crist will give a dance for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Crist are coming to Washington later in the winter, about the time of the next Gridiron dinner, I think, for a visit to Mrs. Crist's brother-

in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard L. Nicholson, Jr.

Elizabeth Jordan, who is to give a reading of some of her stories at the Cairo on the evening of January 6, for the benefit of the Catholic Home for Aged Ladies, 3043 P street, is the author of the "May Iversen" stories, delectable yarns of convent life, that appeared not so very long ago. She is also a playwright of no mean ability, with at least one notable success, "The Lady From Oklahoma," to her credit. Wendell Phillips Stafford, known in this part of the world as Justice of the District Supreme Court, and all over the country as a writer of verse, also will contribute to the program, reading a number of his recent compositions; and altogether we have in prospect a literary treat. A number of prominent women will serve as patronesses, and the entertainment has been set for 9 o'clock to accommodate those who dine late.

"The Chop Stick Girl," so everybody is calling Harmon Bailey, the attractive Chicago girl who is visiting Louise Clark, for she has learned the difficult art of manipulating these quaint Chinese implements and delights in making use of her accomplishment. Her first "performance" was given at a luncheon soon after she arrived in Washington and the other evening at the dinner which Mrs. Laird gave for her at the Chevy Chase Club she used chopsticks for everything save the soup and the ice cream. It is whispered that a certain very attractive young naval officer taught her to use them with due decorum and grace.

Mrs. Strother Smith has brought with her from Philadelphia a fashion that is new to Washington. At least I am quite confident that it was Mrs. Smith that I passed the other day, although I have not seen her for several years. She carried a tall staff of polished ebony, collared some six inches from the top, with red fox fur to match her muff and the fur on her gown and hat. Mrs. Smith has wonderful auburn hair, and the rich tints of the fur suited her admirably.

Margaret Smith was at Katherine Efinger's luncheon for Ellie LeJeune the other day, probably the first party she has attended since she came back to town, and everybody was delighted to welcome her.

And, now, Susan, good luck and all good wishes for the New Year! Your Christmas remembrance is charming and I love you for your thought of me. Fondly your friend,

Sunday JEAN ELIOT.

DANCES, CIRCUS, AND CAROLS IN TABLEAUX

To add to the attractiveness of the Mother Goose tableaux, one of the features of the program, which will be presented at the fifteenth annual Christmas entertainment to be given by officials of the Washington Railway and Electric Company for children of the employees, Tuesday afternoon at the New National Theater, Miss Cora B. B. Chase, producer of the tableaux, will introduce several of her pupils in dance numbers.

The fairland characters in the nursery rhymes will be portrayed by a company of fifty, selected from children of the employees.

Chairman Fred J. Mersheimer, of the entertainment committee, has completed arrangements for the miniature circus which will include real clowns, animals, and sideshows. There will be pink lemonade, popcorn, and sawdust to contribute the typical circus atmosphere.

General Chairman William L. Clarke will introduce a new innovation, a series of Christmas carols with a chorus of 2,000 children's voices, which will be sung before the stage performance.

Invitations have been extended by the children to Senator John Walter Smith, chairman of the Senate District Committee; to Congressman Ben Johnson, chairman of the House District Committee, and to the District Commissioners and their wives.

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